

Documentation: a narrative experiment

CONSIDER THIS:

HAVE YOU EVER DONE SOMETHING COOL?
'I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'

IF YOU DIDN'T WRITE IT DOWN
OR TAKE A PICTURE
OR POST ABOUT IT ON INSTAGRAM
DID IT EVEN HAPPEN?

CONSIDER THIS:

HAVE YOU EVER DONE SOMETHING BAD?
I *SAW* YOU DO IT

NOW, LOOK AT ME IN THE EYES
NOW, TELL ME YOU DIDN'T TRY TO HIDE THE EVIDENCE

this project is a shared narrative experiment playing with the process, form and matter of written documentation. from voyeurs to exhibitionists, this intervention attempts to expose and share the blurring of boundaries between subject, audience, and documentarian.

~~on this day at six o'clock lucy lu went to the bar. she stood outside for about three minutes until she~~

This project began on the heels of interrogating ourselves on the role of documentation in art. Particularly relevant to non-paintbrush-canvas-paper artistic practices, the documentation of the art becomes central—did the art even occur if there is no proof of it happening? How can the piece best be recorded, documented, so that its essence remains unchanged and comes through in a way that represents what was done? When is the subject an exhibitionist and the artist a voyeur, and how do these roles change as the piece comes to completion (if at all)? Is the documentation art in itself? Is documenting alone art?

We decided that to explore these questions through the useful task of documenting all collective activity, through a shared written logbook, every day, for 28 days. The documentation was to be recorded within a framework:

- *Dated and timestamped entries*
- *Current location with regards to Dixon Avenue*
- *Comment on collective activity*
- *Third person narration style*

Have you ever done something, with intent, for 28 days in a row? We hadn't either. Throughout the process, the logbook, and everything surrounding it, became a piece in itself—ever felt Stockholm syndrome from a project? Yes. Can words really paint a thousand pictures? Yes. Is every single word in it exactly true? In some way, at some point, to one of us, yes. We were voyeurs, we watched and absorbed and processed and recorded it all, in here, for a month. And now, your turn—the documentarian, hiding in the shadows, becomes the exhibitionist, and the subjects and audience become the voyeurs.